

DELL

DEC.—FEB. 25c

# 1000 JOKES®

*Magazine*

**CHARLIE  
WEAVER**

ANSWERS  
A  
LETTER  
FROM  
MAMMA



KUNZ



Have you read these  
hilariously funny  
paperbacks?...



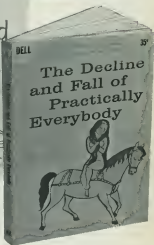
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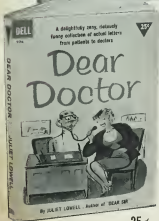
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On Sale Now





*"Finally they caught up with me. As a former subscriber I had taken advantage of an offer open to new readers only."*

## 1000 JOKES

BILL YATES, editor  
JOHN NORMENT, associate editor  
ANGELO GRASSO, art editor



"No sign of the groom yet, Effie?"

## LOUDER AND FUNNIER

### Dark Day

■ Little Freddie Appleton arrived late for work at The Stingerberry Jam Company, where he worked as assistant time-keeper.

His boss inquired about Freddie's

late arrival and why he was sporting an enormous black eye.

Little Freddie explained that he had a disagreement with his wife.

"But I thought your wife was out of town this week."

"So did I," replied Little Freddie.

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"This is the first time Irwin and I have taken separate vacations."

## LOUDER AND FUNNIER

*continued*

### Quickies

Watch out for school children on the street—especially if they're driving!

If your wife wants to learn to drive, don't stand in her way.

This year's new model car, the Flurch, is an ideal car for women drivers. It has the fenders on the inside.

Today's best labor saving device is tomorrow.

If you put off till tomorrow what you should do today, someone may invent a machine to do it for you.

A hamburger by any other name costs a lot more.

Many a girl with an expensive wardrobe started out with just a little slip.

Brother Adam had his troubles  
In bygone days of yore,  
But no one could say when he told  
a joke  
"I've heard that one before."

### Well Suited

A traveler picked up some Scotch tweed and, upon returning home, went to a tailor to have a suit fashioned. "Can't help you," the craftsman said. "Not enough material here."

The traveler went to a second tailor. "Yes," this one said, "I can make you a suit of this tweed in 10 days." On schedule, the suit was ready. As the traveler was admiring it, the tailor's little boy walked into the shop wearing coat and trousers made of the same material. "Yes," I made my lad a suit from the leftover tweed," the tailor admitted with some embarrassment. "But you couldn't have used it anyway."

The traveler agreed; what miffed him was the first tailor, so he went

back to his shop. "You told me I didn't have enough material. But your competitor made me a suit plus one for his five-year-old son!"

"So what?" the tailor shrugged.  
"My son is 18!"



"That's what I called about."

### Down On The Farm

A government inspector hears that a skinflint farmer is paying below standard wages. He investigates.

The farmer introduces his hired hands.

"This is William. He milks cows. William earns \$40 a week."

"This is Sam, my other hired man. Sam also gets \$40 a week."

"This is Katie. She cooks for me and gets \$30 a week plus room and board."

The government inspector seemed satisfied, but then a thought came to him. "Any others?" he said.

"Only the half-wit," the farmer replies. He gets \$10 per and tobacco and food."

"May I speak to him?"

"Sure," replied the farmer. "You're speaking to him now!"

### Cad

A jealous wife gave her husband a careful inspection every evening. The slightest hair found on his coat lapels would lead to violent re-cremations.

One night, finding nothing at all, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "Even bald women now!"

### The Lineup

Crazy Captain Cooney ran a spotless ship. During heavy weather it was his custom to throw seasick passengers overboard. Today, the weather was exceptionally rough.

"Hide quickly," shouted a steward to his most generous tipper. "The captain is throwing his most troublesome seasick passengers overboard."

"Here's twenty dollars," shouted Generous Tipper. "See that I don't miss my turn!"

### Happy Birthday

Farmer Grey had arrived at the time of life when he was beginning to feel his corns more than his oats but that has nothing to do with this story.

One day, Farmer Grey brought home a parrot as a birthday gift for his wife. There was a string attached to each of the parrot's legs.

"What are the strings for?" inquired Mrs. Grey.

"Pull one and see," her husband said.



"This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes. . . ."

She pulled the string on the right leg and the parrot said, "Happy birthday, Mrs. Grey!"

Then she pulled the string on the other leg and the parrot said,

"Pleased to meet you."

"I wonder what would happen if I pulled both strings at once."

"I'd fall off my perch, you dern fool," said the parrot.



"He can't decide whether to buy a high-priced car in the low-priced field or a low-priced car in the high-priced field."

# LOUDER AND FUNNIER

continued

## The Long Count

A woman with more money than brains decided to refurbish her house in antiques. She went to an antique dealer who started off by showing her a beautiful vase. He held it up and exclaimed, "This vase is over 2,000 years old."

"Don't try to pull any fast tricks on me, Mister," snapped the woman. "It's only 1959 now."

## Inventions

An American was driving through the streets of London with an English friend. The latter mentioned that his windscreen needed a spot of cleaning.

"Windshield," corrected the American. "We invented the automobile so windshield must be the correct word."

"That's well put, old boy, but who invented the language?"

## How True

Two explorers met deep in the African jungles.

"I came out to Africa twenty-six



"Santa Claus, my foot!"

years ago," said one of the men, "because of a restless, romantic urge to see the unknown. I wanted to see the sun rise over new horizons, to leave my footprints on virginal sand, see nature in its primeval state. Tell me, old bean, why did you come to Africa?"

"My daughter is taking voice lessons."

## With Feeling

Picture, if you must, a famous burlesque queen at an intellectual cocktail party. She speaks:

"I certainly feel sorry for Lady Godiva riding that horse all over town without a saddle."

"Why?" inquired her attentive host.

"Did you ever sit nude on a horse-hair sofa?"

## The Mountaineer

A hillbilly, taking his first overnight train trip to the city, awoke at dawn, climbed down from his upper berth, and meandered back to the washroom. He had just washed his face and lit up his old cob pipe, when a fellow passenger entered—a businessman with a travel kit in hand.

The executive lathered his chin and shaved carefully, brushed his teeth, used a deodorant and an after-shave lotion. Our friend from the hills watched attentively. Just as the other passenger was leaving, he spoke.

"Mister, are you that much trouble to yourself every morning?"

## No

A businessman, on a trip through the west, dropped off the train in New Mexico to pick up a few souvenirs for his friends. He spotted an old Indian with some colorful blankets for sale.

"How much for all your blankets?" inquired our shrewd protagonist.

"Two hundred dollars."

"Nothing doing," replied our bargainer.

"How much you pay?"

"Twenty-six dollars."

"Listen, wise guy," said the Indian, "bargains like Manhattan Island you ain't gonna get no more."

## Generosity

Little Freddie had a blind date with a gorgeous blonde. He dropped into several bars on his way to give himself needed courage. Then he zig-



"Ouch."



zagged to the young lady's house.

They sat in the parlor. Finally, she said, "All my other boy friends bring me candy when they come to see me."

"Zehat so?" said Little Freddie, "I don't shee ya passing none of it around."

#### Honest Weight

"For years I've been weighing myself on one of those scales that hand out little cards. When I started I weighed a hundred and forty pounds. Now I weigh a hundred and eighty pounds."

"How come you weigh so much?"

"My pockets are full of those little cards."

#### Disposal

Porter House, the famous character actor, retired from the screen and bought a fruit ranch. One day he was showing a visitor around the premises.

"Now, here I have an acre of peach trees, then an empty acre. Here an acre of plum trees and an idle acre. Here an acre of apricots and an idle acre . . ."

"What's the idea of the idle acres?"

"I gotta have some place to throw the pits."



*"If we give country 'A' three billion dollars, and country 'B' seven billion dollars, and country 'C' twice as much as both 'A' and 'B', then . . ."*

#### Booze

Mr. K. C. Porter, president of The Stingerberry Jam Company, dropped into the local saloon. He asked Paddy, the bartender, to suggest a drink.

"Rum Flip," said Paddy. "It has

sugar, milk and rum in it. The sugar gives you energy. The milk gives you strength."

"What does the rum give you?" inquired K. C. Porter.

Paddy replied, "Ideas what to do with the energy and strength."

(Continued on page 40)



*"I told you to put it away last fall!"*

# Dear Mamma:



*Charlie Weaver's letters from his mamma have been a highlight of the Jack Paar Show. But his answers to mamma have been kept confidential. However, 1000 Jokes prevailed on Charlie to let us see the next letter he wrote to Mount Idy. So here it is:*

Sorry I haven't written sooner but I've been sleeping so hard during the day that I'm dead tired at night and can't keep my eyes open. But I'll try to answer some of your recent letters.

I was glad to hear that Leonard Box and Elsie Krack finally got married. I guess you remember that Elsie proposed to me once and wanted us to take up light bousekeeping. But I told her I couldn't afford to buy a lighthouse. But that night she and I went out and got lit up anyway. Does Elsie still have a red nose? When she was born she was a bottle baby and never gave it up. She sure has sensitive skin. She's the only woman I ever knew who could get a moon tan. Elsie used to say that the moon was much more useful than the sun because the sun only shines in the daytime when we don't need it.

Is Leonard working now? Last I heard he was offered a job as a Swedish masseur, but he turned it down because he couldn't speak Swedish. Yes, I already beard that Birdie Rodd got married, too, and that Judge LeRoy Hockey cut his fee for the marriage because she was a regular customer. I hear her groom was phoning somebody else to propose and got a wrong number and it happened to be Birdie's. He said, "Darling, will you marry me?" And she said, "Yes. Who is this speaking?"

I hope things are fine in Mount Idy. Tthings are pretty good with me here in the city. I got a nice apartment with period furniture. I keep it for a period and then send it back. Byron Ogg has been visiting me from Mount Idy and I introduced him to a girl named Elvira who lives on my street. We met through mutual friends. Her dog knows my dog. Her father is a retired stock broker. The District Attorney retired him for 15 years. And her grandfather made millions with a fleet of ships that carried nothing but plasma. He was the only man who ever made a fortune out of his blood vessels.

Elvira and Byron have been talking about marriage. That is, she's been talking about it, but he always changes the subject. Her sister is a writer and has been married and divorced three times. Her husbands were a prince, a count and a duke and now she's living off her royalties.

The other night Elvira gave a coming out party for her father. He had just been pardoned. She wore a low cut dress. The thrift shop wouldn't cut

the price any lower. Most of the guests were stags. The Elks were having a convention. One fellow in a well tailored tuxedo was standing by himself looking sort of bored. I asked him if I could get him a cute girl to dance with. He said that was very nice of me but that the other waiters might get jealous.

That afternoon her father had played golf with a Spaniard named Juan Diego. At the sixth hole they got into a fight and her father shot Diego in the head. All evening her father kept bragging about how he had made a hole in Juan.

They have a very nice home. Elvira said that all the furniture goes back to Louis the Fourteenth. I told her my furniture was going back to Sears Roebuck on the fifteenth.

Elvira has a twin brother but they don't look alike. She takes after their mother and he takes after their father. Their father also is a twin and he takes after every woman he meets.

I guess you knew that Grandpa Ogg came here for a visit. I made a date for him with a strip teaser named Olga. I told him we were going to call on a peeler, so he brought along a sack of potatoes. Olga sure made those potatoes open their eyes. After while, Olga said she was going in the kitchen to fix a crepe suzette. And Grandpa said, "What do you have to fix it for? Is it broken?"

While Olga was in the kitchen, her pet monkey suddenly jumped on Grampa's shoulder. That scared him and he yelled, "Take it off." Well, Olga forgot where she was and ran into the parlor practically in the nude. Grandpa looked at her and fainted. And Olga says to me, "What's the matter with the old gent? Hasn't he ever seen a crepe suzette before?"

Sorry to hear that Grandma Weaver hasn't been feeling well lately. Don't you think she is getting a little too old for flag pole painting? At her age she ought to quit plowing, too, until she can afford a horse.

I meant to tell you that Gomar Cool dropped in on me the other day. He said that things were fine in Mount Idy except that Goo Goo Shultz was running around with a man young enough to be her son. Well, some men get lonesome when they reach 72. . . But Goo Goo always was shy when anybody asked her how old she was. She generally was shy about 20 years.

Gomar said that he and Ludlow Bean had been going duck hunting lately and that Ludlow is so stingy he buys blank cartridges because he knows he can't hit a duck anyway. When Gomar raised his own gun, fired and brought a duck down at his feet, Ludlow bawled him out, saying, "You didn't have to waste a bullet on that duck. The fall alone would have killed it."

Gomar said his niece had gone to England and

brought back a husband who had a big job with the British government. He is Keeper of the Seal. But her father said the seal made so much noise and smelled so bad he sent them all back to England.

I got a letter from Clara Kimball Moots today. She said she had just got herself a husband. He won her as second prize at a garden party. The first prize was 50 cents. Actually, Clara and the Widow Darby were tied for second prize and the decision was made by a toss of a coin. Clara tossed the coin while the Widow Darby was still holding on to it. As you know, Mamma, the Widow Darby has cremated three husbands. Clara never was married and she resented Mrs. Darby because she had husbands to burn.

Well, Mamma, I guess I better stop for now. I'm going to be on television in a few minutes and I want to take a nap first. Otherwise I won't be up to Paar. Get it, Mamma? Up to Paar.

Besides, I've got to help your brother Willie who is visiting me with your cousin Oscar. They're in the bath tub. Willie bet Oscar he could stay under the water the longest. As of now, he's winning.

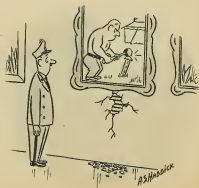
Love,  
Charlie

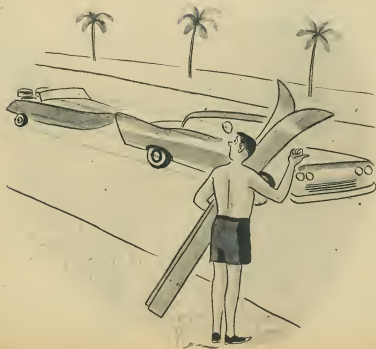


What Jack Paar and Charlie Weaver are really like.



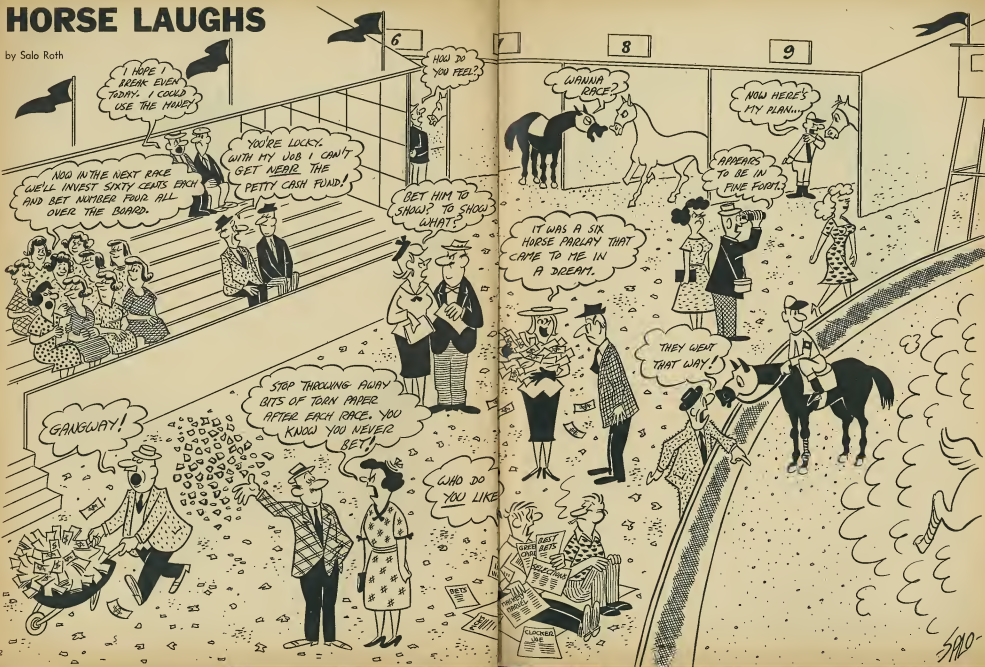
# TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS

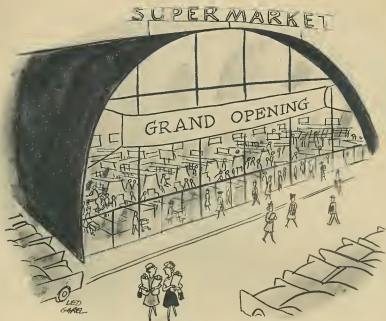




# HORSE LAUGHS

by Salo Roth





*"It's nice, but I hate to see the old fashioned supermarket doomed."*

## YESTERDAY'S FLAVOR

■ Do things have the same flavor for you as they did years ago? I mean buying stuff and carting it home alive with green stamps isn't the same as getting the stuff right at the source and at some risk, is it?

I was just thinking of how good things tasted when I was young. I made a sort of list.

**WATERMELONS:** Watermelons always tasted best when you broke pieces off with your bare hands and hid behind the pole beans to eat them while you tried to kick the farmer's barking dog away with one foot. Moonlight added to the flavor, too.

**APPLES:** Apples had the most tang eaten half-way up a neighbor's tree while you kept one eye on the house to see no one came out waving a broom handle. The best apples were

very small, terribly hard and extra sour. You could get about two dozen into the average boy's shirt and a half dozen in each pant pocket.

**CANTELOUPES:** The flavor of canteloupes was accented by coming across them while fleeing from a gardener who had just caught you in the grapes. What happened was that as you out-distanced the pursuer and arrived near the fence you stepped on a muskmelon and cracked it in two. If you were deft you just had time to pick up a hunk, chomp on it and scud through the hole in the fence.

**PEARS:** To get the real flavor of pears you had to disdain the windfalls and shake the tree so that the ripe ones fell keprunk on your head and shoulders, bruising both of you slightly. The thumping of pears falling down in bunches always brought the owner running with a shotgun. Hiding behind the grape vines, eating the bruised pears while he hunted for you

was better than salt on the fruit.

**GRAPES:** The true grape lover of my youth, covered by the thick vine leaves, ate the grapes one by one without plucking the bunch from the vine. He left a neat little skeleton so the gardener could come out later and say, "Them danged birds!" If you were a real gourmet you could squish the pulp out of Blue Concord and leave the shrunken skins hanging on the vine.

**PIE:** All pies were at their best when warm and left on a neighbor's window to cool. The better grade food fanciers always returned the empty plate.

These things that seem to grow today on cardboard trays wrapped up in plastic just don't taste the same. In fact I was just looking at my neighbor's grapes today wondering if I were too old to climb up my big beech, get out on that third branch, reach down and. . .

—ROBERT FONTAINE

## FROM RAGS TO RICHES

■ If Horatio Alger Jr. were writing today, this is the way he'd handle it:

When Jed Schnorer was eight years old, he realized his family was different from all the other families in the neighborhood. Everybody else owned three cars: the Schnorer family owned only two.

Jed was often tormented by the cruel children of the neighborhood. "Ha, ha," they would taunt. "Jed's family has only two cars and we have three, ha, ha, ha." Then they would spit upon him.

There was no way to escape it. Even when he'd turn on TV, the man would scream at him, "Are you a two-car family?" Then he'd show a two-car family looking sad and run-down with bags under their eyes and sagging stomachs.

Then the TV man would shout, "Wouldn't you rather be like this?" And he'd show a nice three-car family, everybody happy, no bags under

anybody's eyes, everybody with flat, firm stomachs.

Jed wept awhile, then vowed to rid his family once and for all of this unspeakable status. He made seven dollars that summer digging weeds out of neighbors' gardens, and deposited the money in the bank.

At age nine, he made 11 dollars hustling in a parking lot, and put that in the bank, too. At age 10 he sold cosmetics door to door, and cleared \$204.75. The account was progressing nicely.

When he was 11 his big break came when he saved the sweet young daughter of a banker from a stampeding horse. The banker said, "You are a brave boy. As a reward, I give you two choices. Either you get my promise in writing that you marry my daughter when you two grow up, else I give you five thousand dollars in cash right now."

Jed was very sentimental. "I'll take the five thousand dollars," he said, which impressed the banker but not his daughter.

At age 12, Jed quit school to work in the bank as a page boy, and when he was 13 began lending second mortgages at nine per cent interest, which was usurious but profitable.

Jed was such a loyal worker, the bank president made him a vice president at age 14, and when he was 15, Jed owned the bank outright and hired his benefactor as a janitor to show his gratitude. The Wall Street Journal hailed Jed as a financial titan, the boy wonder of the banking world.

At 16, Jed headed a whole string of banks, and at 17 he took over a chain of supermarkets. The next year he controlled 24 producing oil wells, and at 19 he bought a couple of steel companies and three airlines.

When he was 20, he realized his lifelong ambition. Jed Schnorer, born into a family that owned only two cars in a three-car neighborhood, taunted, jeered, ridiculed and spat upon, was now able to buy—not three cars—but three automobile-manufacturing firms!

—HAROLD WINSTON



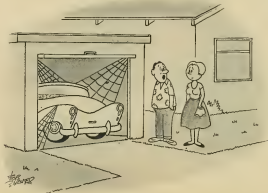
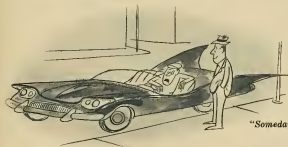
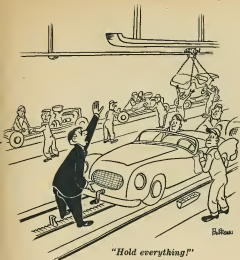
"Read that note again. All I want is a date!"



# CAR- TOONS



"Looks like we have a two garage car."





"One thing he gained when he married that heiress is the respect of the students."

## THE NEW MOTHER GOOSE

■ Mother Goose rhymes were all right when they were written, but they don't fit into modern times properly. They need updating situation-wise.

Here are a few samples of what we mean, taken from the forthcoming book, "MOTHER GOOSE UPDATED, SITUATION-WISE"—although we may change that title.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog some  
frozen dog-food;  
When she got there  
She found that the freezer  
unit had conked out.

Little Miss Moffett  
Sat on a tuft  
Eating her cards and wher;  
"I thought this stuff was  
Supposed to be homogenized,"  
she said.

One misty, moisty morning  
When cloudy was the weather,  
The official forecast was,  
"Fair and warmer."

Little Tommy Tucker  
Sang for his supper,  
But he had to stop  
When the Musicians Union  
Got an injunction.

As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives,  
Each wife was collecting \$49.50  
In Social Security benefits.

The North Wind doth blow  
And we shall have snow,  
And the city has about half  
The number of snow-plows it  
requires.

I'll tell you a story  
About Jack a Nory  
And now my story's begun.  
Tune in at this same time  
tomorrow  
To learn what happens to  
Jack a Nory.

To change the verses so that they applied to modern situations without destroying anything was a problem, but we think you'll agree we did it. Destroyed something, we mean.

—JOHN BAILEY

# PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

■ One thing wrong with the world today is that nothing looks like what it is. For example—cocktail tables look like cobbler's benches; medicine bottles look like perfume decanters and girls in sack dresses look like boys. Overlooked in the hustle and bustle of our time is the fact that nobody says what they mean any more either. There was a time when people spoke their minds. Today we hide our real meanings behind a veil of psychological terminology.

## WE USED TO SAY

Fred hates me.

I hate Fred.

I know you'll like her. She's such a sweet sensitive girl.

Harry throws his money around like a drunken sailor.

She's such a devoted daughter . . . a wonderful girl.

The way he acts, you'd think he owned the place.

He's a regular Gloomy Gus.

Charlie's got some sense of humor. He's a scream.

Come on, just a little kiss, Jane.

Money! Money! That's all he ever thinks about.

Mommy, please let me go to the playground by myself. Please. I never go anywhere alone.

He's an unscrupulous, disgusting, underhanded, tyrannical, loathesome human being.

He's as nutty as a fruitcake.

## TODAY WE SAY

Fred's a misanthrope. He just doesn't like people.

I have a mental block against Fred.

She needs to be liked. She's so terribly insecure.

Harry's a compulsive spender.

She's got a father-fixation . . . the poor kid.

He's overcompensating for a basic inferiority complex.

He's subject to fits of deep depression.

Charlie's humor is just a defense mechanism.

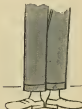
Of course, if you want to frustrate yourself, Jane.

He's got a neurotic drive to succeed and he's sublimated his basic desires to baser need.

You must stop smothering me with your excessive overprotectiveness, Mommy.

He's sick, sick, sick!

He's suffering from a lack of ego-centralization caused by inadequate attention during the Oedipal period, and aggravated by an almost psychotic syndrome of anisophic maladjustment so paranoid as to . . .



HAZEN  
MAGE



chun  
Day

*"Have I seen poems lovelier than you!"*

### Allergic

When you're sick as a pup and your  
pressure's up  
And your skull is a throbbing arena,  
What do you take to quiet the ache?  
Rauwolfia serpentina  
When your personal plumbing is pain-  
fully humming  
With various inner ills,  
What do you swallow with water to  
follow?  
Entero-vioform pills.  
When a creeping bacillus is trying to  
kill us  
By secretly spreading infection,  
It's only by eatin' some chloremycetin  
We get any real protection.  
I'll freely allow that it's wonderful  
bow  
Folks flourish on drugs like these.  
But what do you do when the cure  
makes you  
Much sicker than the disease?

—JAMES HOLDING

### Familiar Failings

About all I learn from experience,  
That famous schoolmaster of men,  
Is how to recognize mistakes  
Whenever I make them again.

—S. OMAR BARKER

### Pedigreed Pup

All you do is chew the mat,  
Scratch the furniture, chase the cat,  
Gorge yourself on chocolate bars,  
Nip our callers, yip at cars,  
Ruin whole rose beds where you've dug  
And make mistakes on the parlor rug.

In every line from tail to ear  
Your precious pedigree is clear,  
Selective breeding for doggy eons,  
More scientific than that of we'uns—  
For nothing haphazard could produce  
A mind so magnificently obtuse,  
So all you do is chew the mat,  
Scratch the furniture, chase the cat...

—ETHEL JACOBSON

### Transient

Last spring we bought the  
home of our dreams  
In a suburb neat and pretty.  
All summer, I mowed;  
All autumn, I raked;  
And this winter . . .  
Moved back to the city.

—SUZANNE DOUGLASS

### I'm Flat in Nothing Flat

The dollar of today won't go  
As far as in the past;  
Well maybe not but the ones I've got  
I'll bet go twice as fast!

—DECK EMMONS

# IT COULD BE VERSE

### To A Diplomat

Raise your glass and drink a toast,  
This banquet soon will end.  
Make some excuse to rush away;  
You've one more to attend.  
Then come that big reception  
For the foreign dignitary,  
Take a fancy sandwich there  
But eat it in a hurry.  
For there's still a cocktail party.  
You're stuffed, but don't dismay;  
Full many a diplomatic "pouch"  
Has been acquired this way.

—SUZANNE DOUGLASS

### Honeybunch

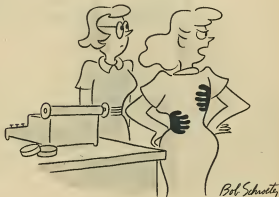
The bunch of violets you see  
That conjures up the thought of me  
Means more to my morale than mink—  
I think!

—MAY RICHSTONE

### No Grounds For Complaint

Though modern life's a rat race,  
There is one comfort: that's  
You can't complain about the pace  
If you're one of the rats!

—S. OMAR BARKER



*"The nerve of that guy! Just because he changed the ribbon  
on my typewriter."*



*"His wife drove him until he was a success. Then he ran off with his secretary."*

# THE US MALE



*"Darn it, dear, I'm interested in your work but I don't want to read all your inter-office memos!"*



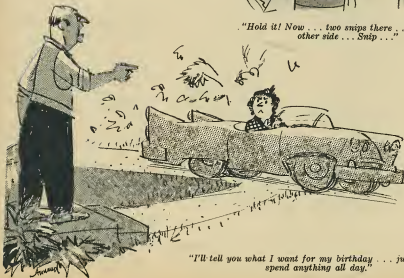
*"That's what you get for sticking your nose in the pots as soon as you get home!"*



*"It's his favorite TV night!"*



*"Hold it! Now ... two snips there ... Okay ... other side ... Snip ..."*



*"I'll tell you what I want for my birthday ... just don't spend anything all day."*





"I wonder if you might have a little steam we could use in our radiator?"

## THE ANSWER MAN

■ It has been my experience that when a wife assumes the interrogatory attitude, the husband should alert himself, no matter how trivial or innocent the question may sound.

It is not so much that the wife may have some ulterior motive in mind (although this is highly probable) but the plain truth is her questions are always loaded. Why? Who knows? Perhaps it is some hidden compulsion to prove the independence or superiority of the female sex. But I suppose we should be grateful that they bother to ask questions at all.

A question I am occasionally asked is, "What are you going to do Saturday afternoon?" Having lived with me for a number of years, my wife knows full well what I am going to do Saturday afternoon: I am going to

play golf. Therefore, I know that when she asks me what I am going to do Saturday afternoon, it more than likely means I am not going to play golf.

I am in the habit of answering this question: "Nothing special—why?" In this way I force her to come right out with her project for Saturday afternoon—taking advantage of a supermarket canned goods sale, looking at drapery material downtown, taking Mrs. Entworth's aunt from Montana on a scenic tour of the city, etc.

True, I could come right out, too, and say masterfully, "I, madam, am going to play golf." But invariably some other vital projects will turn up to fill not only the next Saturday afternoon, but also the next one after that. So I answer, "Nothing special—why?" and get the agony over with for five or six weeks.

Another question is the announce-

ment question, which is really not a question at all. It goes like this: "How do you like my new hat?" and means, of course, "I have bought the hat you now see on my head."

I have debated, then argued myself out of answering, "It would look fine on a fire hydrant," because I feel this would only lead to a strained atmosphere and more hats, whereas an answer like, "Very becoming," keeps the hat purchases at a reasonable, if steady, level.

Once every two or three months I bear the question, "How can the bank be so stupid?" I could answer, "It isn't the bank that's stupid," and go right on watching the boxing match until the inkwell, perhaps, sailed through the screen, but I realize a lady's cheek stubs and a bank's statement will disagree occasionally, so I diplomatically answer, "Their electronic computer is probably underpaid. Let's see if we can't straighten it out," and I proceed to reconcile the thing for her.

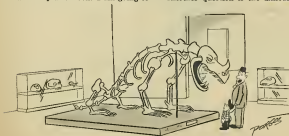
I am often asked this question: "What would you like for supper?" The time of this question is generally after five p.m., and I have learned the question means either (a) she has nothing in the house for supper and wants to be taken out for dinner, or (b) she has been inveigled into trying something new by the butcher or the frozen foods display.

My answer, therefore, is usually, "I feel like a good steak. Let's eat out." If it was the (a) question I was answering, then my answer, though containing hidden sarcasm, must be correct and pleasing—and if it was the (b) question I was answering, then she may keep quiet about the thing she bought from the butcher or the frozen foods display, and eat it for lunch.

I have prepared a small list of questions, which I think husbands should be particularly leary of and careful in answering:

- (1) Where would you like to go on our vacation?
- (2) Does Fraley's Fur Salon have a good reputation?
- (3) Have you shaved today?
- (4) How much would I be worth if you died?
- (5) Where do you think mother should go on her vacation?
- (6) Do you think I should go on a diet?
- (7) Don't you think people should patronize their home-town opera?

Occasionally it is a good idea to let



"You can recognize the female by her facial expression."



"Have you ever thought of buying a record player?"

your wife score a clear triumph, on a relatively unimportant question, of course. Example: a couple of dull and logy Monday mornings ago my wife caught me with the apparently guileless question, "How would you like your eggs?"

Without looking up from my morning tooth-brushing, I answered, "Shkwambled."

I got them fried. Yes, I asked her why. She answered, with a sweet, shy smile, "Well, dear, when I broke the eggs the yolks came out so pretty and whole—and when I want them to stay whole they always break, you know—so I decided to fry them."

For some reason or other she seemed to be in a good mood for days afterward.

I got even with her, though, the following Saturday night. Her question was, "What did you think of the Gibsons?" Now, the Gibsons happen to be one of several couples we met at a large cocktail party that same evening, but Mrs. Gibson was the only one of the wives who happened to be blonde, in her late twenties and constructed as soundly as an old Spanish Cathedral in Mexico. Her question, therefore, was, "What did you think of the Gibsons?"

My answer was, "Why, dear, I thought they were delicious."

There's an answer worth \$64,000 of anybody's money!

—LOYD ROSENFIELD



"Describe the car? Well, it was a '59 hardtop in tasteful, lustrous time-defying spun yellow, combining the armored-tank-safety of twin torsion suspension, plus the fresh, fine and fashionable lines of genius scintillating in every crisply sculptured line and classic curve . . ."



*"My psychiatrist tells me that my Colt .38 is nothing but an aggression symbol, and that I only act tough because I had an extremely unhappy childhood."*

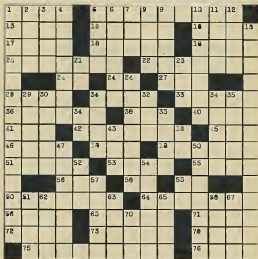
# TED SHANE'S

# GAG-WORD

# PUZZLE

## ACROSS

- 1 These came out of the Nylon Antiseptic Bags at the picnic
- 5 These tomatoes are cheesy things with a lot of crust, who invented the Burp Italiano (2 wds.)
- 13 The fellow who lacks the courtesy to let the other guy burp first
- 14 This is the Spirit. (Plenty of water here!)
- 15 Out where the gold begins
- 17 What the last horse will do for you
- 18 Give a Mexican enough of this and he'll make himself a rope
- 19 Extremely dreadful like the horse thief, who was hung over a river and couldn't swim
- 20 Dame foolish about a woman's leg
- 22 You can't expect a doll to be this, wise guy!
- 24 Little thing a fat lady is always putting on and taking off (abbr.)
- 25 Two-thirds of the King's Breakfast
- 27 Jamaica? No, all I got there was this!
- 28 They say Napoleon had this between his shoulder and wrist
- 31 His wife gave him the material for the first appliance
- 33 What the Indian used to keep down electricity
- 36 Not every Social Lion is a talker. Some of them are this
- 38 Wet beginning of a famous Republican
- 40 The dry hit
- 41 'Ow 'Andsome 'Arry punches
- 42 Loses the thread and mixes up the yarn
- 45 This sticks the nose into everything in Paris
- 46 The guy with the poolroom wrist
- 48 This will give you a buzz in the spring
- 49 The thing that made Forever Amber into a two-line joke
- 51 Kind of Indigestion you get from the Income Tax man
- 53 This is the possessive case of a real Mel
- 55 Wishful winking
- 56 Pole vaulter (init.)
- 58 Back home
- 59 The Chief
- 60 Vin Palaces
- 64 This can end a meal in Italy
- 68 Behind the eight ball in Rome
- 69 Dish off the dirt, or dunk the dish
- 71 This has to come before the close
- 72 The time she summers in Maine, falls in Paris, winters on skis and springs at Latins
- 73 This space is reserved for a man who is preparing to shoot himself there
- 74 This will take the sickness out of a press agent
- 75 Kind of Sleep that won't talk
- 76 What the Snake in the grass said about her rival



**SOLUTION on page 45**

## DOWN

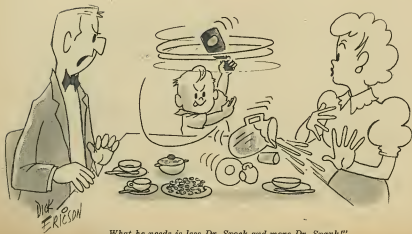
- 1 Richard Nixon (3 wds.)
- 2 High time
- 3 What the Walrus got when he took a tooth for a tooth
- 4 Kind of body heat seen through a telescope
- 5 This can make the future tense: the best way to approach a girl who has this, is with a present
- 6 Rainbow colored like your face when you get the hill in the Rainbow Room
- 7 Tin Lizzie in Moscow
- 8 This is a lot of work
- 9 Give with the Fate
- 10 Apply these to the cut direct (pl.)
- 11 Early Red
- 12 Here's where the God of War hacked up
- 13 These cause the seven year itch (pl.)
- 21 Early Bird. Drawnsh he
- 23 Cheesecake material
- 26 You've heard of everything but the kitchen stove? Well, these now include the kitchen stove!
- 29 Joy fruit for an eater of it
- 30 What Mickey Mantle hits every year
- 31 These are intense, in tents
- 32 Ott or Allen
- 34 Where the Cleveland Indian hung his hat
- 35 How to wipe out the Blackboard jungle
- 37 This is a little Roman connection
- 39 This Alters the Case (he gets killed for cooing)
- 43 This was new to Psyche
- 44 What the Pretty Italian said to the U.S. Marine
- 47 Antique activity
- 50 What Old Hags of 22 give the Boys (pl.)
- 52 The Sailor Beware type
- 54 Gives the girl a tumble
- 57 This is where a Lot was allotted a lot of soil
- 59 The Greek letter that started Music
- 61 Kind of path for slippers
- 62 A man with an infinite capacity for taking praise
- 63 What the bird in the Gilded Cage had dragged down by a heel
- 65 This may be the beginning of Personalities, but they sure have mixed up reps
- 66 What the Snooty Movie Reviewer calls a Saga in Vista
- 67 Monster's retreat
- 70 You can find this in a blanket in Colorado

# KID STUFF



Frank Owen.

"Of course I love you—I've got to—I'm your mother!"



What he needs is less Dr. Spock and more Dr. Spank!"



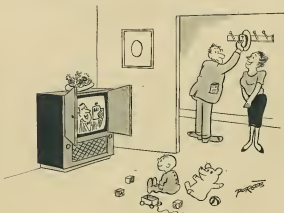
"Mommy and daddy who?"



"How can you expect to hear the quarterback's signals if your ears are full of dirt?"



"Guess who was elected YELL LEADER!"



"He said his first commercial today!"



*"I know party food when I see it, but I didn't get any invitation, did you?"*

## THE MONEY MAKERS

■ "Ma'm, I understand you headed up the greatest fund-raising drive in the history of the PTA during the past twelve months."

"That's right. In our paper drive, fifteen of us women dressed up in the same uniform—mink coats. We went out in a fleet of brand new high-powered cars—and would you believe it—we collected seven dollars and fifty-seven cents' worth of scrap paper!"

"Why, that's just great. What other methods did you use to raise funds?"

"Well, we had our cooks bake batches and batches of cookies, then held a cookie sale. It was a chore, but we cleared nine dollars even."

"That's fantastic. I don't know how you do it."

"Oh, that's nothing, really. We had a white elephant sale—cleared out our basement playrooms of all modernistic furniture. Our profit was just a shade over fifteen dollars."

"What an organization!"

"We sent our chauffeurs out on a car wash one day for the PTA. We dispensed with their services for an entire day and let them wash cars for the association. The profit—imagine

—was almost nineteen dollars."

"Great work. You must surely have the wealthiest PTA in North America."

"We try. But our big money-raising event comes next week. A dozen of us are going on a cruise of the Caribbean—and whatever money we win playing bridge aboard ship will go to the PTA. We expect to profit by at least ten dollars that way."

"Marvelous. Just marvelous."

"Oh, it's hard work, but it's worth it. Just think—by next year we expect to have raised enough money for a new record-player for the school!"

—HAROLD WINKERUP

## if she hits you first, poker!

■ I've been playing poker with the same bunch—Ted Fleege, Charlie Cushman, Eddie Wilson and Bill Andrews—for about eight years now. In that time everyone has just about broken even. That is, everyone except Eddie Wilson. He's won every Friday night, except once back in June of 1950 when he lost about seventy-five cents.

Of course, now if Eddie is winning it doesn't do any good to remark about it, because he'll go all the way back to that night in 1950 and remind everyone about how he lost.

Even so, I've just about concluded that poker players fall into two classes: those who win and those who lose. In this respect it is much like

bridge, canasta, horseshoes and Eddie Wilson, to mention a few other great sports.

Usually around eleven-thirty when the game is breaking up (the wives have set a midnight curfew and it usually takes us about a half-hour to straighten up Charlie's cellar and finish the rest of the beer that's left) everyone wants to know how everyone else has done.

Usually Ted Fleege starts it off by saying to Charlie Cushman, "How'd you do, Charlie?" Sometimes it's worded a little differently but regardless I have found that there are a few stock replies that generally are a very good gauge as to the actual result.

**QUESTION:** "How'd you make out?"

### REPLY

### ACTUAL RESULT

No reply (usually accompanied by sullen look in direction of heavy winner)

Heavy loser.

"Won a little."

Won between five and ten dollars, maybe as much as fourteen or fifteen dollars.

"Lost about a dollar."

Lost between five and ten dollars.

"Broke about even."  
a. Spoken casually.

a. Lost under five dollars.

b. Accompanied by small, though noticeable, smile.

b. Won anywhere up to five dollars.

"I was telling my wife the other day we should trade in the old sedan on a new convertible **BIG WINNER** —

The one thing that puzzled me when I first took up playing poker was "What do poker players do with their money?" After years of experience I've discovered they don't have to worry about it. Usually they lose.

But if they should happen to win, they give it to their wives.

**MORAL:** Don't be a poker player. Be a wife. If you can't be a wife, be wife's lazy brother—you'll get your share, too.

—GEORGE SCHLEGEL

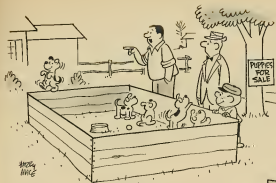




# A DOG'S LAUGH



*"If he doesn't feel well, why can't he eat the crab grass instead of the few good patches of grass we have?"*



"They're five dollars each . . . except this one, he's a little more."



"Sometimes I wish he wasn't such a one-man dog!"



"Dear, do we want a puppy?"



"Why doesn't he run around chasing cars like other dogs?"



"Gentlemen, I want to know why Acme Toys  
licked this problem when we couldn't!"

—FROTH

■ Dressmakers jump  
At Dame Fashion's command,  
And usually live  
Off the fad of the land!

—RAMMER JAMMER

■ "A hillbilly singer hasn't been able  
to sleep in weeks: His bride is teeth-  
ing."

—RANGER

■ "No," said the centipede, crossing  
her legs, "a hundred times no!"

—FROTH

■ Overheard: "Conscience is what  
feels terrible when everything else  
is feeling fine."

—HOUND DOG

## VARSITY VARIETIES

■ Overheard: "Sunsets are for peo-  
ple who don't get up in time to see  
sunrises."

—JAYHAWK



"I won't believe it until I see it in gold and red."

—JESTER



"Doctor, I think I'm losing my grip."

—THE YALE RECORD

■ A fugitive scientist from a Boris  
Karloff horror picture dreamed up a  
serum that would bring inanimate  
objects to life. He surreptitiously  
tried it out on the statue of the great  
general in Central Park. Sure  
enough, the statue gave a quiver and  
a moment later the general, creaking  
a bit in the joints, climbed down  
from the pedestal. The scientist was  
overjoyed. "I have given you life,"  
he exulted. "Now tell me, General,  
what is the first thing you are going  
to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the general  
ripping his revolver from his side  
holster. "I'm going to shoot about  
two million pigeons!"

—THE POINTER

■ There was a young man from Ja-  
pan  
Whose limericks never would scan  
When asked why it was,  
He answered, "Because  
I always try to get everything into  
the last line that I possibly can."  
—STUDENT PRINTS

■ Prof: Will you gentlemen in the  
back of the room kindly stop passing  
notes?

Student: We're not passing notes,  
sir. We're playing bridge.

Prof: Oh, I beg your pardon.

—JESTER

■ At three o'clock in the morning,  
the drunk returned home from a  
particularly rambunctious night of  
bacchanalia. About five minutes after  
he opened the door, his wife heard a  
loud crash in the living room.

"George, what are you doing?" she  
asked.

"Teaching your damned goldfish  
not to bark at me."

—VOODOO

■ An impetuous student negotiated  
a date with a pair of Siamese twins  
one night.

"Have a good time?" asked his  
roommate later.

"Yes and No."

—STUDY PREP

■ Owner: "How did you come to  
puncture this tire?"

Chauffeur: "Ran over a milk bot-  
tle."

Owner: "Didn't you see it in  
time?"

Chauffeur: "No, the kid had it  
under his coat."

—VOODOO

■ NOTHING is easier than to make  
two weeds grow where one grew be-  
fore.

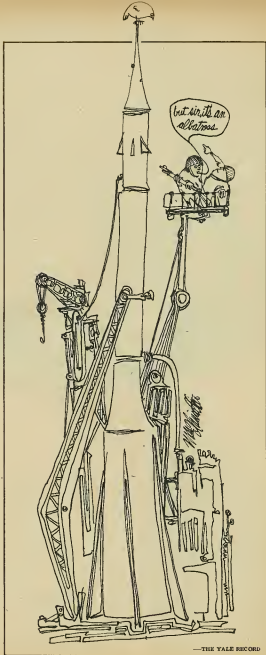
—OXFORD BELLY LAFPS

■ Did you hear about the bad tem-  
pered civil engineer who always  
built crossroads?

—TECH TOCKS

■ This interest in scientific achieve-  
ment is nothing new on the part of  
our youth. The man at the next desk  
remembers sketching a design for a  
death ray on the fly-leaf of his sixth  
grade geography book back in 1921.

—LAMPON



—THE YALE RECORD



"The way things are going, in twenty years the American women will own all the wealth of this country."

## MY WIFE'S SOCIAL LIFE

■ My wife has a social life all her own. She does not entertain the neighbors, she entertains everyone else. She's very big with all the trade unions. Suppose the carpenter comes to fix a step on the staircase. My wife fixes coffee for him right away. If he's at work a long time she uses the period to bake and frost a cake for him. So, when he gets finished, he has cake and coffee. This means he is at our house for four hours at his usual rate of \$4.00 an hour, three hours of which is spent chatting with

my wife and eating cake. The bill, as far as I'm concerned is something like this:

Materials	\$2.00
Insurance, etc.	.35
Labor	16.00
Cake mix	.49
Iceing	.51
Coffee	.20
	<hr/> \$19.55

Since we live in an old beat-up house my wife always has company. If it isn't the carpenter, it's the plumber. The plumber likes pie, so my wife bakes. If not the plumber, then the electrician. The electrician loves turkey so the day before he comes my wife roasts a turkey and the electrician takes home a bag to his hungry children. (He also has home made doughnuts and coffee before he STARTS to work.)

The man who cuts the grass doesn't

eat much but he loves music, so he and my wife put on Beethoven's 5th and 7th to get him warmed up and some Bach fugues to cool him off when he's finished. In between they chat over some home made lemon punch and cookies.

The favorite is an East Indian gardener for whom she makes delicious curries chock full of fresh coconut and pineapple. I wish, sometimes, he'd leave a little. It always smells so good.

This way my wife has built up quite a following. Why not? They get an average of \$3.50 an hour listening to her and eating her cooking. It's hard to believe, isn't it, that a man could make twelve dollars plus a chocolate layer cake just for changing a light switch?

Frankly, I'm thinking of becoming a journeyman plumber. I'd see my wife more often and be better fed.

—ROBERT FONTAINE

# ROAR DEAL

by  
*John Gallagher*

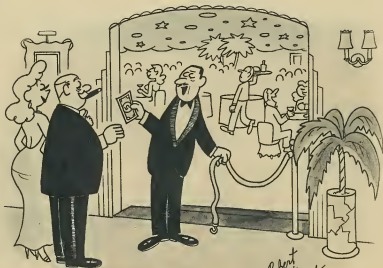




*Bob Schuchman*

# CHOW LINES

"Here we are—two coffees and a pizza pie."



*Robert  
Leslie  
Barnes*

"Yes SIR, I'm sure we can find a nice table for you and Mr. Lincoln."



"The kid who ordered the peanut butter sandwich sent it back. It isn't quite the way he likes it."



"Couldn't you just leave a bigger tip?"



"I bet the check will be in English!"



"Sorry, sir—thought you'd finished."





"Must be a good picture."

#### History Repeated

A famous psychiatrist was being interviewed by a newspaper columnist.

"Doctor, how can you tell if a person is really insane?"

"It's really quite simple. I just ask the sort of questions that any sane person can answer without any difficulty."

"What type of question? Give me an example..."

"Well," replied the psychiatrist, "This sort of thing. Captain Cook made three voyages around the world. He died on one of his voyages—which one was it?"

"That's not a fair question," objected the columnist. "I'm not very good at history."



#### Daffynitions

**Marriage:** The first union to defy management.

**True baseball fan:** One who goes to the ball park even when his TV set isn't busted.

**Pessimist:** A person who's never happy unless he's miserable.

**Contented Husband:** One who is on listening terms with his wife.

**Wedding shower:** The beginning of a reign.

**Bachelor:** A man who leans toward girls—but not far enough to fall.

**Alimony:** What Davy Crockett fought for.

**Bachelor:** A man who can open his apartment window and have more dust blow out than in.

**Golf Ball:** A golf ball—no matter how you putt it.

#### Short Shorts

Feeding black coffee to a lush produces nothing but a wide awake drunk.

Secretary, applying for a job: "I can't type very fast, but I can erase sixty words a minute."

America is the land of untold wealth, says the Income Tax Bureau.

Book title: "Learn To Skate In Eight Easy Sitzings."

"How soon do you expect the nuptials?"

"Right after the wedding."

Worry is like a rocking chair. It gives you something to do, but it doesn't get you anywhere.

There used to be a time when a fool and his money were soon parted; now it happens to everyone.

Many a dumb blonde is really a smart brunette.

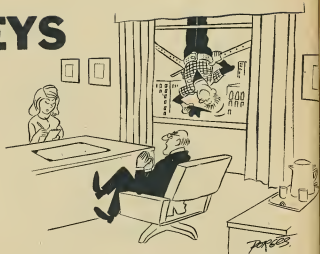
#### Get Together

Once there was a mountaineer who had an awful time trying to get married. He and his intended bride courted off and on for twelve years. The trouble was that she wouldn't marry him when he was drunk, and he wouldn't marry her when he was sober.



"What I like about this place—the service is scrumptious!"

# DESK JOCKEYS



*"Take a letter to the manager of this building . . ."*



*"The file cabinet is under 'F'. You'll find those papers in there someplace."*

ACME SALES CO.

DISCUSSING  
TERRITORY CHART



"Now then, Mukridge, what's this about you wanting a new territory?"



"Frankly, sir, the boys are a little unhappy about this fan you bought for the shop."



"Speak up, Ottley! What's bothering your grievance committee now?"

# TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN...



Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus was sued for \$105,000 in West Palm Beach after an automobile collision because no warning light had been hung on the rear of an elephant.

A woman in Dallas pleaded guilty to stealing a dress but explained that she was scheduled to appear in court on another matter and wanted to look her best.

A woman midget in Reno, Nev., complained so vigorously about having to pay full price for a restaurant meal that the restaurant proprietor finally posted a sign in his window that said: "Half Price To Midgets."



A Long Beach, Calif., woman indignantly informed the police that it was bad enough when a thief swiped her newly washed clothes from her clothesline but that he had returned and stolen a new batch, leaving behind the first lot all soiled.

Burglars who broke into an Indianapolis plant punched in on a time clock at 10:26 p.m., gathered up \$1500 worth of tools and punched out at 11:19 p.m.

Robert Thomas, tenor operatic singer, during a performance on the London stage, stretched out for a rose thrown to him by Carmen and his trousers split.



A Hackensack, N. J., man sued a friend for \$20,000 after shaking hands with him, complaining that the band-clasp had broken the little finger of his right hand.

Mrs. Tom Owen, working on a farm census in the Spearville, Kans., area complained that she was beset by dogs and bawled out by farmers, with everyone seeming to blame her for falling farm prices.

A Willowick, Ohio, lady complained to authorities that her dentist forced her to his office floor and proceeded to remove an upper denture for which she still owed \$78.

When Joe Gargioli was the Chicago Cubs catcher, he had this complaint to make about Stan Musial, the slugging St. Louis Cardinals player: "When Stan comes up to bat, he always asks me how my family is. Before I can answer, he's on third base. That man is not sincere."

In Long Beach, Calif., it was discovered that a man, who lives near a drive-in movie, had hooked his own cables onto the underground cables of the movie, so that he could hear as well as see the movies from his house.

A San Diego State College professor was having trouble finding a classroom to show his student a film and when he finally found one and set up the projector a fuse blew out. After he'd repaired it, he discovered someone had forgotten to bring the film. The film's title: Frustration.

The Gulf States Utility Co. in the New Orleans area is supplying meter readers with "dog candy" to soothe the tempers of heel-nipping dogs. One meter reader reported that a dog that had had it in for him mercilessly became his bosom pal after the first bite of candy and not only follows him around the rounds now but chases other dogs away from him.

"Here's a picture of me in my last fight. If you hold it sideways I'm standing up."

A Palermo, Italy, man complained that he had spent four years trying to get himself declared officially alive and that the only person he had been able to convince so far was the tax collector.

An armed bandit grabbed a bag from the payroll clerk of a Newark, N. J., factory and fled. The bag contained the clerk's lunch.



When Sheriff Robert Jernigan of Columbus, Miss., found a dog and her five pups in the back of the car of a man he arrested for drunken driving, he put them all in jail.

A Madison, Wis., individual was quite startled to receive his death certificate in the mail. What he'd sent off for was his birth certificate.

A Chicago woman sued for divorce with this complaint: "He kept putting macaroni in my bed."



The "Duchess," an elderly scavenger on New York City's East Side, makes the rounds of the alleys every night, collecting rags, bottles and papers. Carrying a burlap bag around with her, she wears a bejeweled tiara and sports a lorgnette.



An Oxford, England, man appealed to the court to make his former wife quit living with him and his second wife. She refused to move out after their divorce.

The Nanpatee, Canada, newspaper ran this notice: "You may observe some typographical errors in this paper. They were put in intentionally. This paper tries to print something for everyone and some people are always looking for mistakes."

Seeking some Indians for a rodeo, a Milwaukee official heard there were some living at Wisconsin Dells, Wis., and wrote the chief asking how he'd like to pick up some easy wampum. The chief replied: "You'll have to contact my publicity man."

Sign posted by a Taipei, Formosa, language teacher:  
"Correctly English In Five Lesson"

Note received by the Ramsay, N. J., town council:

"I wish you gentlemen would help me out. I have a warehouse, but I can never tell anybody where it is. It has a number, but the street has no name. This makes matters difficult for my correspondents too."

The Newport, R. I., City Council has been considering an ordinance making it mandatory for the town's saloons to open outwards with the feeling that it should be easier for a man to leave than enter.



In Washington, D.C., Congressman Paul Rogers, of Florida, explained why he liked to spend his extra time in the nation's capital taking sun baths: "If I don't keep good and tan, the Chamber of Commerce at home gets after me."

Note left behind by yeggman in Albuquerque, New Mex., store:

"Sorry to have messed up your safe. It is very well constructed. It is the first one that has ever stumped me."



A patient in an Ipswich, England, mental institution won \$84,000 picking the correct winners in a national football pool.

—HAROLD HELPER

A	N	T	S	P	I	Z	Z	A	P	I	E	S
L	O	U	T	A	R	I	E	L	O	R	E	S
L	O	S	E	S	I	S	A	L	D	I	R	E
A	N	K	L	E	T	S	L	O	G	I	C	A
M	L	B	E	G	T	A	N	F				
E	L	B	A	A	D	A	M	M	E	T	E	R
R	O	A	R	E	R	D	E	W	S	E	R	E
I	T	S	T	A	N	G	L	E	S	P	A	S
C	U	E	R	B	E	E	D	I	G	E	S	T
A	S	S	E	T	O	T	T	S	L	E	E	N
N	S	A	S	S	O	M	A					
B	I	S	T	R	O	S	P	U	M	O	N	I
O	C	T	O	D	O	U	S	E				
Y	E	A	R	O	U	T	E	R	R	U	S	T
D	R	E	A	M	L	E	S	S	S	S	S	S

SOLUTION TO  
PUZZLE ON PAGE 27

# the home front



*"My specialty. It's cream cheese, olive, minced ham, watercress, chopped dates, avocado and walnuts."*



*"Food never tastes so good as when it's cooked outside!"*



"Better let me tell it dear; you correct that story so much better than I do."



"You'd better eat all of this. You'll need your strength to clean up the kitchen."



"I had a dreadful nightmare—dreamed the picture tube conked out on a rainy Sunday."





*"We'll agree to a five-year contract and a twelve-cent-an-hour escalator clause, if you'll agree to a loan of ten million from the union treasury at four per cent."*

## You Can WIN

This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!



But we know  
you, I was a  
muscular, chicken-  
hearted 125-lb.  
weakling. I had no  
guts to fight for  
my rights. Every  
everybody adored my  
chick-nerveless  
build. My right knee,  
My heart's short. My  
skin, weak shoulders.  
My perfectly wide  
hips. The way girls go  
for me... in a flash-  
ing. My can promise  
to speak. My true  
qualities to show.  
My double energy in  
with all my bones  
to Jaws.

John Sill  
1978

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
JOHN. Let's  
pass him by!



JOHN SILL  
was a 125 lb. WEAKLING  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

as YOU  
can be  
soon!

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to  
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND  
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-AROUND, ALL-AMERICAN  
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
cost you one solitary cent.

## Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way  
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my  
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways  
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like  
chump John Sill did... Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail  
coupon NOW!

# I GAINED 60 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S  
is YOU?

that 125 lb.

CHICKEN- below  
CHESTED SISSY WAS ME  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 10¢  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you  
don't have to be  
SKINNY any more  
just mail NOW  
the FREE  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
YOU can add

7 inches to your CHEST  
3 inches to each ARM  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.



GEORGE  
F. JOWETT  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect  
Man Contest

Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME  
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

1972 George F. Jowett World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER  
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.

## BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. JK-912

1. "Jawett Course"  
Send in  
Building  
All around  
HE-MAN  
— G. F. Jowett  
Director  
Presented

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses. I want to build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND LOG  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING via C.O.D. \$1.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!





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